The State Journal.

VOL. 3. JEFFERSON CITY, MO., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1875. NO. 19

WEEKLY STATE JOURNAL,

Published Every Friday

BY

N. C. BURCH.

Terms of Subscription:

Single copies, per year..... $1 50
Clubs of ten per year..... 1 25
Clubs of twenty, per year..... 1 00

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

THE FOOTSTEP ON THE STAIR.

I have very many treasures
That my heart has hid away;
There's a little curl that's brighter
Than the sunshine of the day;
And a little shoe that's faded,
Is among my treasures there—
And I listen when I see it,
For a footstep on the stair,
For a patter, patter, patter,
Of a footstep on the stair.

Now those little feet are silent,
And the face is hidden low
Underneath the meadow grasses,
And the daises' fragrant snow;
And I miss them in the morning,
Pattering feet, and face so fair—
But I listen most at bed-time,
For the footstep on the stair.

Then she'd come and kneel beside me
In her little gown of white,
And she'd say her short prayer over,
And would kiss me sweet good-night.
And I listen in the twilight,
Though I know she is not there,
But I cannot still my yearning,
For the footstep on the stair,
For the patter, patter, patter,
Of the footstep on the stair.

THE IRON INTEREST.

Its Causes of Depression and the Source of Relief.

Where Iron Can be Produced Cheapest---What a Veteran Manufacturer Says About It.

[From the Wheeling Inteligencer.]

We had the pleasure yesterday of meeting with E. M. Norton, Esq., a former citizen of Wheeling, and one of our early manufacturers in the iron business. As is generally known, he is now a resident of Ashland, Ky., where he is at the head of the Norton iron works, a concern that embraces one of the largest blast furnaces in the country, and a nail mill that runs eighty machines. Mr. Norton has been in the iron business since his boyhood, or about fifty yers, and has of course seen a great many of its ups and downs. He thinks, however, that the present depression is the most disheartening of any that he has ever known.

In all former crises of the busines we had the tariff to fall back on. The imposition of an additional duty, as long as we had not over-produced ourselves at home, saved us from too much foreign competition, and reanimated the drooping tendencies of the business. Now, however, the conditions have radically changed. Under the wonderful and unnatural stimulus given to the iron business during the war and since, especially by the great rise in prices in 1871-72, blast furnaces and rolling mills sprang up with rapidity not only in this country, but in Europe, England, France, Belgium and the United States, all competing with each other in the multiplication of their facilities for the production and manufacture of iron. The consequence was that when the panic of September, 1873, came upon us, and prostrated the immense extension of our railroad system that was going on so rapidly (having reached 10,000 miles in a single year), we lost at one blow the consumption of half the iron that was made The situation, therefore, was, that with nearly seven hundred furnaces on hand in this country, and a like increase of them in England, we had not demand for half their products. Under such circumstances the tendency of iron for the last year and a half has been steadily downward in price, and this, too, without regard to its cost of production. The markets of the world have been glutted with this surplus iron, and the furnaces that produced it have been losing money and going out of blast. The consequence is, that, although one-half the furnaces of this country are now out of blast, yet the price of iron remains below the cost of production.

Mr. Norton is of the opinion that the future of the business has been discounted for many years ahead, and that even should railroad building revive we still have for an indefinite time to come too many blast furnaces. The question of profit therefore resolves into the matter of location. There are localities in which iron can be produced at a living profit, while there are others where the furnaces must remain closed. Mr. Norton considers his own location at Ashland one of the favored spots of the country for the production of metal. He gives us the figures for producing a ton of iron as follows:

One ton of native ore	$ 25
One ton of Missouri ore	6 00
Transportation on same	2 75
Handling same at furnace	20
Seventy-five bushels coal at 5 cents	3 75
Cost of labor per ton	2 50
Cost of limestone	75
Cost of mill cinder	50
Total cost per ton	$19 70

In case the native ore is used exclusively, three tons of it will make a ton of iron. The cost of putting Ashland iron, when made, into the Cincinnati market, is one dollar per ton. The cost of making a ton of iron at Pittsburg, at present prices of ore, is estimated by Mr. Norton as follows:

A ton and a half of Lake Superior ore costs at Cleveland, say	$10 50
Transportation on same	3 75
Eighty bushels of coke at five cents	4 00
Labor	2 00
Limestone	75
Mill cinder	50
Total cost per ton	$21 50

Mr. Norton regards Jackson county, Ohio, on the line of the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad, as one of the cheapest localities in the country for producing iron. He gives the cost there per ton as follows:

Two and a half tons of native limestone ore, at $3 50 per ton	$8 75
Native coal, 75 bushels at 2 cents	1 75
Labor	3 00
Limestone	50
Total cost	$16 00

The cost of transportation on iron from Jackson county to the Cincinnati market is about $2 50 per ton.

These three points Mr. Norton considers the most highly favored localities in the country for producing cheap iron. The only advantage that Pittsburg has over Wheeling is in the transportation of coke, which amount to about $2 40 per ton. While therefore iron can be made at $21 50 per ton at Pittsburg, it will cost, say $23 90 at Wheeling. All these estimates, as will be seen, allow nothing for wear and tear, shortage, casualties, interest on investment, taxes, etc., which will add at least $2 per ton to the figure we have given.

Some people may think it strange that localities like St. Louis or the Lake Superior region should not be enumerated among the points where cheap iron can be made, but at these places fuel is dear and the iron has comparatively no home market. Connellsville coke costs from fourteen to eighteen cents per bushel at St. Louis, and charcoal is used in the Lake Superior country. As regards the Alabama and Tennessee ore fields, their product having a tendency to cold short is not adapted to the general uses of iron manufacture, and, in addition must be transported long distances by rail to the principal markets of the country. As to such places as Chicago, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and similar localities, Mr. Norton regards them as having no substantial advantages whereon to build an iron future, having to transport most of their fuel from Pittsburg.

In regard to the vicissitudes of the iron business in the future, much depends on the financial policy of the government. The tariff, as has been observed, has done all for us that it can do. We certainly do not want to stimulate the business any further by that means, seeing that it is already so largely overdone. The climax of the old Whig argument has been reached, viz: that the legitimate result of protection was to give us an abundance of competition among ourselves and consequent ultimate low prices. This state of things we now have. Our competition is already too great for the field it is confined to by reason of our currency—viz: our own home markets. Our hope for the future, so far as regards our export trade, depends on our currency. We can never build up a trafic with Canada, South America, Mexico and other countries, until we reach sound currency, that is, such a currency as enables other nations to produce iron cheaper than we now produce it. It is, therefore, Mr. Norton's opinion that until we approximate much nearer to a specie basis than at present, there can be no general revival of the iron business, and whatever prosperity may ensue in certain localities will be due solely to natural advantages. The parties having these advantages will of course be careful to keep prices at a point that will forbid a general revival, and thus we will probably see a great deal of capital locked up for a long time to come in unproductive enterprises.

Popular Arts.

In the entire conglomorate educational system of America there is no department in which so much time and money are absolutely thrown away as in what are called the ornamental arts. The teachers in this department fail entirely to comprehend the end toward which every lesson they give should drive. It is not for us to point out the remedied for their imperfections, but, in the name of a suffering and disappointed people, to call their attention to those imperfections, and to demand that they shall either be remedied, or the costly farce be withdrawn from the boards.

Oratory is one of the most popular arts in America. The man who can speak well is always popular; and the orator holds the hearts of the people in his hand. Yet, what multitudes of young men are poured out upon the country, year after year, to get their living by public speech, who cannot even read well! We have had something to say recently about the unreasonableness of the people concerning brilliant preachers; yet, after all, there is something to be said for the people. When a minister goes before an audience, it is reasonable to ask, and to expect, that he shall be accomplished in the arts of expression—that he shall be a good writer, and a good speaker. It makes little difference that he knows more than his audience—is better than his audience—has the true matter in him—if the art by which he conveys his thought is shabby It ought not to be shabby, because it is not necessary that it should be. There are plenty of men who can so develop it, and so instruct in the arts of oratory, that no man needs to go into the pulpit unaccompanied by the power to impress upon the people all of wisdom that he carries. The art of public speech has been shamefully neglected in all our higher training-schools. It has been held subordinate to everything else when it is of prime importance.

The Rev. Benjamin Johnson, who recently left the P. Episcopal Church and united with the Reformed Church, has commenced his ministry in Baltimore. He has been twenty-six years in the ministry of the P. E. Church.

THE LOST GRAVE.

The Little Headstone that an Aged Mother Sought in Vain.

If you have ever passed the old deserted graveyard on Russell street, near the House of Correction, you know that there is not a more lonely spot in Detroit It is a score of years since any one was buried there. The fences lean in or out; the few trees are ragged in limb or trunk; the weather-beaten headstones lean this way or that, or have fallen down. The rich and the poor who sleep under the ragged sod, have been dust for years, and if any of them left friends behind they are scattered now and are not here to fill up the sunken graves and plant a flower to take the gloom away.

The other day people saw an old woman wandering through the graveyard, brushing the moss from some of the headstones to look at the letters, and studying long over quaint characters carved into others. By and by she crossed the street and sat down on the steps of a cottage, and when people saw how old and feeble she was, and that her eyes were full of tears, they pitied her. She could not answer at first, but by and by she told them that she had come hundreds of miles to take a last look at a grave which she knew must be in the yard, but which she could not find. Half a century ago she buried a child there, and all through the long, long years, though moving here and there, her mother's heart had not forgotten the dead. Old now, her steps feeble and her locks gray, and feeling that she had but little longer to remain on earth, she had come clear across the State alone to have a last look at the little grave. Years had gone by, but she thought she could walk right to the spot, and there was halt a hope in her heart that strangers' hands might have kept the headstone white and the grave as when she last saw it. She found the old yard cut up by streets, the city all around and beyond, and of the hundreds of mounds and headstones which she once saw but a score or so were left. She sought among the leaning headstones, and she stood under the dying willows and searched the field for the small stone which bore the words "Our Willie." Fifty years since the little body was lowered into the grave! Half a century since the headstone was placed to mark the spot! And yet her mother's heart brought her back in her old age, with the hope that her tears might fall upon the little grave, obliterated and passed from sight forever.

It was sad enough to see tears falling down her wrinkled cheeks, and to know that her old heart was aching with disappointment, and men spoke kind words to her, and women wiped their eyes in sympathy. Looking through her tears at the bleak and lonely field, its loneliness relieved and yet made more lonely by the time-worn headstones and the clumps of briers, no wonder that the poor old woman felt it in her heart, and had to sob it out: "I'm afraid I can't find him in Heaven—Heaven's so large!"

A Breach-of-Promise Case.

An action brought by Miss Wynn, the daughter of an innkeeper at Shrewsbury, England, against Mr. Hurst, a young man possessed of a good property, and residing at Tysedale, near Manchester, for damages for breach of promise of marriage, was tried at Shrewsbury assizes, March 23, before Mr. Justice Archibald. It appeared that everything had been arranged for the marriage, but a postponement took place at the defendant's request, and on the fourth of January last the plaintiff received a letter commeciug "Miss Wynn," in which the defendant expressed his surprise at hearing that she was in the habit of going to public houses and getting drunk; he had been in Shrewsbury himself and watched her, and found she was in the habit of going into low houses and associating with bad characters. He offered to pay for everything she had purchased, finishing up by saying that she had used him very cruelly. Mr. Powell, in his address to the jury on behalf of the behalf of the defendant, commented upon the character of the plaintiff, which he said he should prove to be very bad—that instead of being temperate, modest and chaste, as the defendant believed her to be when he made the promise, she was just the reverse. The learned judge said he had great doubts whether the plea of intemperance was a good answer to the action. Insanity and bodily infirmity were held to be no defense. He would consult his brother Quain, and retired for that purpose. On his return he said they were quite agreed that the plea of intemperance was no defense, and as to the other plea, of unchastity, he must have evidence of personal unchastity. Mere proof of association with bad characters was not sufficient. Mr. Powell called a witness to prove intemperance, but he was stopped by the judge. Another witness was called to prove unchastity, but the learned judge said he should reject evidence on both these points, and should direct the jury to dismiss it from their minds. Dr. Hill said he was prepared to deny in the most positive manner all the allegations against his client. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £20.